

A few words by June Janson:

Did you ever have a friend who would not stop nagging? Well, I have and she goes to my church so I saw her almost weekly. I honestly got tired of hearing, "At least come and look at Springhill."

After the passing of my husband of 58 years, I knew I would have to give up our home when I could no longer take care of the yard and garden which was my exercise, my solitude, my happiness! Well, that day came when I had to take more than one break in order to finish cutting the lawn!

So - in order to quiet that friend, I went to look at Springhill. She gave me the royal tour and we kept running into so many old friends of mine. All greeted me with big smiles and asked, "Are you coming here?" I was so overwhelmed that I came back the next day with my son and daughter-in-law, took the tour again, listened to the Marketing Rep, and then went home and called my realtor. She came the next day and planned to put my house on the market the following week. That never happened as it sold to the only lookers in two days. The best part was that someone commented that they loved the yard. I have since discovered that this young couple does not know a weed from a flower but they allowed me to take whatever I wanted and the plants are now a part of the many beautiful flowers surrounding Springhill and the Garden Homes. I also get to help in the gardens - including the Butterfly Garden - and in the greenhouse during the winter. I tell people, "It's my therapy!"

I have neglected to say that before looking at Springhill, I had done the tour. My decision was going to be based on the acceptance of my cat (Annie is here and rules the roost) and the availability of cooking facilities as I still like to cook and make many kinds of soup. Imagine my delight when Springhill at Home decided to have a Souper Bowl competition this year. There were 13 different kinds of soup to try and I am sure it will be an annual thing as it was a great success.

One of my favorite outings is the annual Breakfast on the Beach. When I was first told about it, my comment was "Breakfast on the beach is a wood fire, a Griswold frying pan, bacon and eggs, and sweet rolls from Sontheimer's Bakery." No, you load up the vans with the food (juice, donuts, coffee, and bacon and eggs, or all the makings for omelets), tables and chairs, and people. So many signed up to go that they used The Trolley or a school bus.

I have now been at Springhill for over 18 months and I am so happy that I tried to shut up that friend. I feel so blessed that God has given me good health (which is better than when I came here), many more new friends, lots of activities (Did I mention 500 and pinochle and Rummikub and Wii bowling, and choir, etc?) We have a wonderful new chaplain, who sings and plays the piano and gives a very meaningful message.

So, my story started at church and it is going to end that way. God is good!

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